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POEMS OF LOVE AND HOME

WILLIAM WENDELL RILEY



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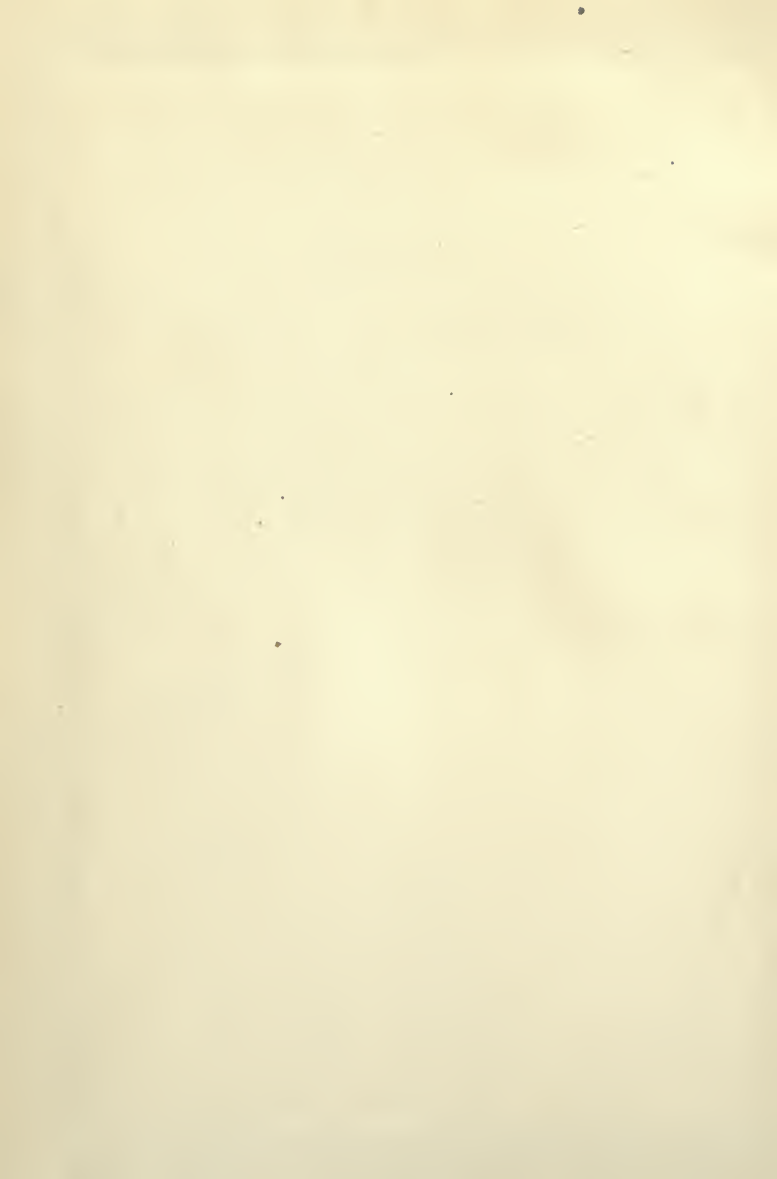
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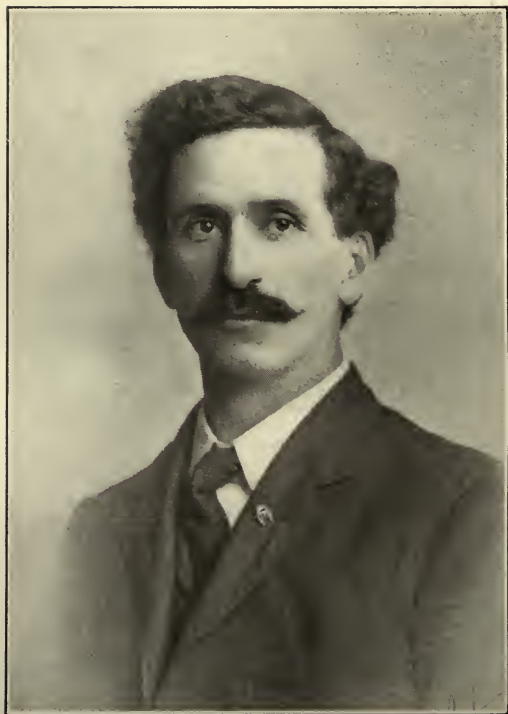
William Wendell Riley

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POEMS OF LOVE AND HOME



WILLIAM WENDELL RILEY

POEMS *of* LOVE *and* HOME

BY

WILLIAM WENDELL RILEY



LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA
COMMERCIAL PRINTING HOUSE
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W. W. RILEY**

Mr. J. C. ...
Dear ...
to the ...
of ...
of ...
will ...
I ...
send ...
Poe ...
iss ...
of ...



P

TO MY WIFE

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POEMS OF LOVE AND HOME



PROEM

SONG OF LOVE

*Sing to me the songs of love,
Like the cooings of the dove;
Sing them softly, sing them low,
Songs we sung, long, long ago
As we strolled by trickling streams
Loitering on, where silvery gleams
Of the full moon's somber light,
Shines down thru the trees at night.
In these shadows lovers met,
When the grass with dew was wet,
Then strolled on beneath the stars,
Down the path, thru pasture bars,
On, and on, beneath the stars,
On, beyond the pasture bars;
Whispering words of home and love,
Like the cooings of the dove!*

SONG OF LOVE

*Years have passed. They wander still
Down beside the crumbling mill,
In the full moon's somber light,
When the dew is sparkling bright.
Three bright children coyly sleep,
Safe at home, while moon beams peep,
Thru the windows of their room,
In the loveliness of June!*

*They stroll on, beneath the stars,
On beyond the pasture bars,
Whispering words of home and love,
Like the cooings of the dove.*

PROEM

SONG OF HOME

*Sing to me the songs of home,
Where the bees so softly droned
'Mong the crimson clover bloom,
Gathering nectar-sweets in June;
Where I've loitered many hours,
Lazily among the flowers;
Or just wallowed in the sun
When my tasks had all been done!*

*Then the earth was fresh and new,
Under heaven's azure blue;
Sparkling diamonds, in the dew,
Falling dews, for me and you;
Where the songster, lady Thrush,
Sat alone in my rose bush,
Just contented in the sun,
Singing love songs, one by one!*

SONG OF HOME

*And the rambo apple tree
Handed down its fruit to me.
Then this world was full of joy
For a sun-tanned little boy.
And God's heavens bent o'er that home,
Where the bees so softly droned,
In a unique sort of way,
And our hearts were glad each day!
Sing to me the songs of home,
Where the bees so softly droned,
Gathering nectar-sweets in June
From the crimson clover bloom.*

WHITHER SAILING?

WE ARE sailing, we are sailing,
On the ocean wide,
Sailing onward, sailing onward,
Sailing with the tide.

Are we sailing, onward sailing
Toward a land of rest?
Are we sailing, sailing, sailing
Toward a haven blest?

Aged sailors, wise old sailors,
All ye sailors brave,
Ever sailing, ever sailing,
On the ocean wave,
Can you tell us where we're sailing
On the ocean wide?
Are we sailing, sailing, sailing
Toward the other side?

WHITHER SAILING ?

Other vessels sail the ocean

Sailing, sailing on.

Vessels meeting, strangers greeting,

But they soon are gone.

Sailing, meeting, greeting, parting—

Such is life each day.

Meeting, greeting, parting, sailing—

Sailing far away.

Shall we anchor in some harbor

When life's voyage is done,

Where no turbid billows toss us

And no tempests come?

Where true sailors of the ages,

Shall forever rest?

Are we sailing, sailing, sailing

Toward that haven blest?

THE IRISH AMERICAN

I WAS born in the Emerald Isle,
But this land uv the free will beguile
 A poor Irishman's heart;
 It will give him a start,
To live in American style.

Begorry this country's all right.
You kin always hev peace er a fight,
 You kin hev what you want,
 You're a fool ef you don't.
New Erin is clean out uv sight.

Begorry my Bridgett shall come,
Here we will build us a home,
 We will feather our nest
 In this land uv the west
Just like all the ithers hev done.

MY OLD FRIEND BEN

I'D RUTHER see my old time friend
Of school boy days—we called him Ben—
And talk and laugh as we used to do
When one er t'other was feelin' blue,
Than any one who breathes the air,
And tramps the earth round anywhere.
Old Ben was true, clean thru and thru.
He was allers dividin' up with you,
Fearin' you wouldn't git yer share
Of all the joys earth had to spare.

When some hard problem was my lot
In arithmetic er some sich rot,
I'd ask old Ben; 'twas him I'd choose
To help me out. Did he refuse?
Never. Why he'd suffer a year
Before he'd wring a single tear
From any eye. He'd set right down,
And do that problem up in brown.

MY OLD FRIEND BEN

He'd allers act in such a way
You'd ask again another day
If you wanted to; fur he was glad
To be a help to any lad.

When all the young folks livin' 'round
Wanted a singin' in the town,
Ben would lead in a sweet love song
Er an old Church hymn, a half mile long.
Sometimes he'd race with girls and boys,
Sometimes play doll, buy Christmas toys,
To please the folks. The old and the young
Felt right at home, enjoyed the fun.

Sometimes we youngsters wanted fun
Like a kissin' party, er somethun
Of the kind. Why, Ben was the man
To git it up. 'Twould beat the band
How we enjoyed them old school days;
"Snap and ketch em" was the poplar play.
As well as I kin now describe,
This play was on the followin' wise:

MY OLD FRIEND BEN

A boy would "snap" some purty girl.
He'd dash away and run and whirl,
And she right at his heels. Around
The room they'd fly. Did joy abound?
They'd run, the two, 'till he was caught.
A kiss was next. 'Twas sometimes fraught
With danger to them both. But oft
The girl would let him press her soft
Cheek with a kiss. Sometimes 'twas best
To hold her in his arms and rest,
So out of breath you know! Glory!
But I must go on with my story.

Ben went to church. He led in prayer
With quite a ministerial air,
And said fine words and comforted
The orphan, like a father would;
Encouraged all with a life of cheer
And helped the Lord to answer prayer.
He often said, and lived it too,
Just like a Christian ought to do:

MY OLD FRIEND BEN.

“Our faith is silver. Hope is gold.
They richen men in heart and soul;
But love’s the key of heaven’s door,
For all the worthy, rich and poor;
If one shall live them day by day,
And cast his selfish self away,
These graces three, that God has given,
Will lead that wayward one to heaven.”

Alas! he went his chosen way,
And I went mine. ’Tis a solemn day
When friends must say, “Farewell my friend,”
“Good bye my Bill,” “Good bye my Ben.”
He took a wife and so did I.
He prospered well and climbed up high.
He has the gold, and children four,
And ~~lands~~ lands and farms. And more and more
The Lord piles up his gathered store
While I remain among the poor.

But should I need a good, true friend,
I’d find none better than old Ben.

MY OLD FRIEND BEN

He'd comfort as he used to do
When one er 'tother was feelin' blue.
He'd help me solve life's 'arithmetic,
Just where a poor man's sure to stick.
If he has prospered more than me
In gettin' wealth, why, I am free
To say he's deservin' all he owns
In city ~~lands~~ and country homes.

I've traveled 'round this old world some,
I've seen some men, and nary one
Is better'n Ben. In all the earth
Few equal him in genuine worth.
Of all the good words said of Ben
They'll never be too good fur him.
The wonder is: One mortal man
Could all embrace God's noblest plan.

STRIKE HANDS WITH JESUS

HAVE you fallen in sin,
On life's rugged road?
Give Jesus your burden,
He will carry your load.
He will scatter the fogs,
That make heaven obscure.
Just strike hands with Jesus,
He will help you endure.

When homesick and heartsick,
In need of a friend,
Remember that Jesus
Will love to the end.
Earth friends may forsake you
And leave your heart sore,
Just strike hands with Jesus,
Your friend evermore.

STRIKE HANDS WITH JESUS

Get right with your Savior,
Oh, give him your heart.
Your work must be finished,
Ere you shall depart.
When death has been conquered,
And troubles are o'er,
We'll strike hands with Jesus,
On heaven's bright shore!

ONLY A WISH

I STROLLED thru the field
I tilled long ago,
When I was a lad
With Harvey and Joe.
Since I followed the plow
And turned the rich soil,
And grew golden grain,
By patience and toil;
The world has been changed,
And time has changed me;
I've seen the great sights
On land and on sea.
But the halcyon days,
I long for them now!
Down on the old farm,
Just following the plow.

UNITY

LET none presume because of creeds,
His church shall live thru coming years.
No church shall live, but by the deeds
Done for the race, now bathed in tears.

May party names no more be heard
Among the ransomed of our King.
For Jesus claims us in His Word,
And to His name may Christians cling.

One name, one Book, one Shepherd dear,
One faith, one fold, one God to love,
One cross to bear, while we journey here,
One crown to wear, in heaven above.

BIGGEST TIME

SOME men seek pleasure in the pipe,
Some love to tell a riddle;
Some hev great sport a shootin' snipe,
Fur fun, some play the fiddle;

But the biggest time Oi iver had,
'Wuz sparkin' uv me Sarry,
A-settin' up the hull night thru,
Decidin' when we'd marry!

FRIENDSHIP--LOST AND FOUND

YOUTH

THE happy days of youth's glad time,
Are passed fore'er away,
The "red school house" is trumbling down,
Where he with others played.
Glad boys and girls who gathered there,
Were all his early friends.
"Where are they now?" his heart cries out.
They're gone; they're lost to him.

MANHOOD

Where are the hosts of brawny men,
And maidens in their bloom,
Whose hands he clasped in friendship's grasp,
Before his sun touched noon?
They all have gone the ways of men,
And left a lonely friend,
Whose heart for them cries out in vain.
They're gone; they're lost to him.

FRIENDSHIP—LOST AND FOUND

AGE

An aged man sits by the fire,
And ponders o'er past days,
And in the passing of the years,
His mind is in a haze
To know where all the hosts have gone,
That used to call him friend;
Your heart and mine know this full well:
They're gone; they're lost to him.

HEAVEN.

This noble man made Christian friends,
In passing thru earth scenes.
Among the brightest crowns of heaven,
His crown will ever gleam.
He mingles with the white-robed throng,
And many a long,lost friend
Is his, indeed, forevermore.
They're *found in heaven* by him.

MY MOTHER'S CALL

OH THE good old days are gone ;
I am standing here alone—
A lone and weary traveler in the land—
And I think of the old swing,
Orchard, brook, and everything
That clustered 'round my childhood home so grand.

How we climbed the cherry trees,
How we scaled the apple trees,
And we knew the berry patches far and near ;
The persimmons and pawpaws,
Hazelnuts and grapes and haws,
All paid their tribute to the boys without a care.

I remember every spot,
Blooming with "forget-me-nots"—
The flower that's like the sky, or summer's sea—
I remember best of all
Mother's voice when she would call,
"My Billy boy, my darling Billy, come to me."

WERE I A LITTLE BUTTERFLY

Were I a little butterfly,
I think I'd never want to cry.
I'd live in quiet, sunny spots,
Where bloom the wild forget-me-nots,
And blue-eyed bells and poppies, too,
The sweetest flowers of every hue.
The shining dew would be my drink,
The flowers would give me food, I think,
My clothes would be the kingly sort,
I'd conjure up the finest sport.
I'd live and love in sunny nooks,
Read mother Nature's pretty books,
I'd flit and flirt with all the flowers,
And pass away the golden hours.

I'd have a sweetheart too, you bet,
The sweetest sweetheart heard of yet.
We'd take excursions to the hills,
At night we'd hear the whippoorwills.

WERE I A LITTLE BUTTERFLY

And then sometimes we'd watch the stars;
And sit up nights to study Mars,
We'd revel in a world of joys,
My wife and I and girls and boys.

But as I strolled this very morn,
I saw a lifeless, mangled form
Deep in the dust. A butterfly,
Like man or beast is born to die!
Henceforth, I'll try to fill my place,
And run with man life's toilsome race.

It will not pay
To dream away
The golden hours of life's short day.
I'll love the dear Creator's plan,
And be content to be a MAN!

JUNE

BLEST month of June,
For thee there's room,
Come, bring to us thy sweet perfume.
Thy precious flowers,
Sweet scented bowers,
Are welcomed by these hearts of ours.
The feathered throng,
In joyful song,
Shout out thy praise the whole day long.
In shady dells,
Where beauty dwells,
Young sweethearts meet, love's dream to tell;
And older folks,
In double yokes,
O'er beauties thine still love to gloat;
And girls and boys,
With roguish noise,
Leave book and desk to seek thy joys.

JUNE

From business life,
And world's device,
Men find thy shades and cease from strife.
And hearts forlorn,
Go there to mourn,
And find a shelter from the storm.

O month most dear
Of all the year,
We'll part with thee tho' with a tear.
When life is done,
It's battles won,
And all our duties nobly done,
Then heaven is ours,
With all her flowers,
With all her sweet, sequestered bowers!
For in that clime
Of summer time,
Where joyous bells ne'er cease to chime,
'Twill all be June,
And bud and bloom,—
To heaven's bowers we'll all go soon!

A TRIBUTE TO THE C. E. SOCIETY

CHILD of the earth, but by the angels loved,
Endeavor! For two decades thy power,
Born of heaven, has swayed the multitude.
Thy mission is to lead men heavenward,
And teach us all the high ideals of life.
Well hast thou played thy part on earth's wide stage;
God's children from the coral isles afar,
And from all lands that clasp the world around,
March nobly on beneath thy banner true.
Men talk of love in divers tongues and pray
"Thy Kingdom Come." In sweet accord they sing
Agam, the angel songs of Bethlehem;
With loud acclaim they hail the Christ, as King.

Endeavor hosts lift high thy flag o'er earth.
Within thy ranks are stern-faced men who lead
The battle's front, or sit in senate halls,
Or occupy earth's thrones, and rule the land.

A TRIBUTE TO THE C. E. SOCIETY

Yet ruled themselves by Him who came in love,
To show the ruled and ruler both the way.
In prison cell, and on the rolling sea,
In city slum, down in the deep dark mine,
In tents of war, in mission lands afar,
Around the world, wherever man is found,
Endeavor songs and praises fill the air.

The parliaments of God's nobility
Are teaching men the brotherhood of man.

The little child, the youth, the gray-haired man,
All learn of Christ within thy sacred walls,
Of fairer days, of brighter worlds than this,—
Resplendent home, for all the world's redeemed.

Thou dost inspire all hearts to win great victories
O'er all the under world of sin and shame.

Thou ledest men to Calvary's rugged heights,
'Tis there they feel the magic of the cross,
That changes all it touches into gold,
And turns the night of sin to brightest day,
And makes a man a hero in the earth,
And crowns him king o'er every subtle foe.

A TRIBUTE TO THE C. E. SOCIETY

Endeavor hosts! An army of our Lord!
Thou makest millions of the earth obey
Our King, the Christ, who died upon the cross,
That all the world might live forevermore!
Go, garner in the golden grain for Him,
“Go forth, and conquer all the world for Christ,”
Lead all the world to crown Him “Lord of all,”
Our Sovereign, Ruler, “Prophet, Priest, and King.”



SORROWS SWEEP MY SOUL

SORROWS sweep my soul

Like a winter's storm.

Desolute seems earth,

When one is quite forlorn.

In a world of people,

What a desert drear,

Hearts as cold as Greenland,

None to love and cheer!

Wish my boys were playing

'Round by chair today,

And my wife were sitting

By my side. O say!

Then I'd be as happy

As a meadow lark,

In the springtime singing

To his best sweetheart.

EVENING PRAYER

WHEN the day is nearly over,
And our daily task is done,
Then we turn in silent wonder
To that kind and gracious One,
Who has loved us in all sorrow
That we've borne along the way;
He will ever cheer us onward,
As we journey day by day.

In the evening, at the sunset,
Beauty speaks from every hill.
All the earth is wrapped in beauty,
Yet in all there's something, still,
To the Christian seems so lonely,
That he turns with solemn tread,
To his secret place of worship,
And in silence bows his head.

EVENING PRAYER

There the angels hover o'er him,
 There they listen to his prayer;
And they swiftly bear his message
 To our Father over there.
For within His own great store-house
 There are riches yet untold,
To be had, just for the asking;
 Blessings better far than gold.

THE AMERICAN WAY.

MISTER Keoki goes riding along,
Driving fine horses and singing a song;
Old Rover, his dog, sits there by his side,
Keoki and Rover are taking a ride.

They're constant companions, this Jap and his dog,
A part of each other like Gog and Magog.
Old Rover is barking, and wagging his tail,
He's proud of his master. They're out for a sail.

And nothing but death their friendship will end,
Keoki the man, and old Rover his friend.
This Jap has adopted the American plan,
And loves his *dear dog* more than any mere man.

TO MOTHER.

O MOTHER, dear, I send to thee,
Love's tribute send I thee;
I send my love on wings of flight,
E'en angels wings of flight.

Long years have come, and they have gone,
Their sorrows all have gone;
And joys, as well, since in life's morn,
I strayed from thee one morn.

I early flew from the old nest
In lands of sunny West,
But now I wish with thee to rest,
In that same old home nest.

For all the world, sweet days have come,
For *me*, sweet days shall come
When I shall fly away to thee,
And be at rest with thee.

TO MOTHER.

Should thee I see on earth no more,
In this old world no more,
We'll meet at last, at home, in heaven,
At home, with God, in heaven.

She's waiting now, in that fair world,
Beside the gates of pearl,
To welcome home her wandering boy,
To heaven's eternal joy.

HONEYSUCKLE MEMORIES.

IN A missive from my sweetheart,
Came a honeysuckle bloom,
Bearing with it life's aroma,
And withal its sweet perfume.

Sweeter tho'ts the message brought me,
Than the words in black and white—
Wife and children, health and comfort,
Safe at home, and all thing right.

It brought memories of youth's morning,
Magic season in one's life,
Lake sequestered, bay unruffled,
Halcyon days before the strife!

It awakened tho'ts of mother,
Tho'ts of home and other days,
Tho'ts of sisters, brothers, playmates,
Who have gone their separate ways.

HONEYSUCKLE MEMORIES

Now I see the honeysuckle,
Twining o'er that porch and door,
And again, I smell its fragrance.
Could I enter there once more,

Run right in and tell my troubles,
And my joys, like I did then,
Would my mother, dear, embrace me,
Kiss me once, twice, then again?

How I love the honeysuckle,
Twining over gate and wall,
Hanging 'round to make us happy,
Shedding fragrance over all.

“THE WIDOW BY THE SEA ”

SOME summers had passed since the wedding,
In the newly made home by the sea,
And Charley and I were not lonely,
For love sent us baby Marie.

Sweet Willie soon came like a sunbeam,
And no one could measure our joy;
We then had each other to comfort,
Two children, a girl and a boy!

But on a sad day the death angel,
Came stealing his way down the sky;
He took back the spirit of Charley,
To the heavenly mansions on high.

My babies were blighted by death-frost,
We laid them down close by his side,
Sweet flowers that grew by the wide sea,
By the beautiful, lonely seaside.

“THE WIDOW BY THE SEA ”

I am fighting bravely life's battles,
And marching on thru shade and shine,
The storms are surging around me.
I long for a heavenly clime.

From life, all joy is exiled.
The prospects I loved have grown dim.
My spirit is lovingly yearning
To be re-united with them!

And when I lay down life's burden,
Death's night shall be brighter than day!
Shall I wander with them in the starlight
Again, as of yore, far away?

Shall we roam in the deep, shady bowers,
Where heaven's wild flowers e'er bloom?
Shall we live, and love, where the zephyrs
Are laden with sweetest perfume?

When I reach that beautiful city,
And my darlings, God bless them all three,
'Twill be “home, happiness, and heaven,”
As it was by deep, rolling sea.

WAVIN' HANDS

WHEN you've climed aboard the railroad
Skippin' out fur other parts,
To be absent, doin' business,
'Way from home and old sweethearts,

There is nothin' more consoln'
To the heart uv weary man
Than the memory uv the "Good bys,"
Winder full uv wavin' hands.

Ah! should business fail er prosper
That bright picture wont grow dim.
Calloused hands and dimpled fingers,
Wave, "Good by," "Come soon again."

Train is movin' toward the old place,
Do they long fur me to come?
Yes! I see the same hands wavin',
Wavin' papa's "welcome home."

MISSIONS.

NEW tho'ts come sweeping thru the world;

Two hundred years ago

Our modern missions had no friends;

Instead, relentless foes.

Then men had never recognized

The brotherhood of man,

They had no love for mission work

In any heathen land.

We hail the day when Cary

The mission banner raised!

It floats today in every breeze,

E'en angels list to gaze

Upon that motto which it bears,

"This world for Christ, our King,"

And "Peace on earth good will to men,"

Let men and angels sing.

MISSIONS

Go forth, ye men, in all the earth,
And preach to everyone;
Converting and uplifting men,
As Christ did, God's dear son,
And whosoever is baptized,
Believing on his name,
He shall be saved, and not condemned,
For Jesus said the same.

Ah, can it be that centuries passed,
Before poor man could read
And understand the word of God,
And longer still to heed?
But now, they read and understand,
And some would dare obey,
The light is shining brighter now,
God send another ray.

Old earth needs light to scatter gloom,
That hangs o'er many fields;
Go, teacher, shed that lustrous ray,
God's light will always yield.

MISSIONS

And if your light be dim or bright,
Let God the giver say.
We cannot know the good we do,
Until the judgment day!

Oh, homeland, must we bid farewell
To thee, and friends we love,
To teach the nations in the earth,
Of Him, who dwells above?
Whoever leaves his house and lands,
His parents, child, or friend,
For Christ's own sake, he shall obtain,
The life that has no end.

Dear friends, who love all humankind,
Are these the Saviour's plans—
That we should cross the briny waves
To distant heathen lands
To do God's will? Nay, nay, e'en here
Our fallen brothers grope,
In dismal dungeons, black with sin,
Without one ray of hope!

MISSIONS

Oh, everywhere around the earth,
From East to distant West,
From farthest North, to farthest South,
Christ leaves us His request:
“Go, uplift men from out the mire,
And give to them my words;
I'll lead them down the aisles of time
And to that better world.”

Poor, fallen man, arise, look up!
Just cast your mortal fears
Upon the One who rules all men,
And will thru coming years;
And when the years of toil have passed,
May rest and peace be yours,
Within the city of the King,
On heaven's eternal shores!

A CALIFORNIA DESERT.

THE golden sun has climbed his golden stair.
From vantage his, he holds our summer land
In sweltering heat, and awful fiery glare;
He holds high carnival o'er these desert sands.
The valleys, hills and plains are brown and bare,
Where spring had decked them with unnumbered
bloom

That poured unstinted fragrance on the air,
And died beneath the fiery suns of June.
Hot whirls of air encircle every hill,
Like demon's fiery breath, from lands ablaze,
That shrivel, wither, burn, blight, smite and kill,
And make a boundless desert of the plain.
Thou heated orb, our world's relentless sun,
Look on these burning wastes. What thou hast done!

A CALIFORNIA HOME

COOL, irrigating streams refresh these lands,
And give to us all Eden did enclose
Of bud, and bloom, and fruit; for toiler's hands
Have made these deserts blossom as the rose.
Heliotrope, honeysuckle, rose, all vie
With all the flowers, to please man's beauty-eye.
These garden plants of God form coronals,
Festoons, wreaths; and trailing vines climb and twine
O'er all, and hide from view man's citadel,
In worlds of bloom and beauty all the time!
A twelve month every year of flowers is ours
To pluck ripe luscious fruits and sweetest flowers;
Here winter's drifting snow is petals sweet,
That winds detach and blow about our feet.

HOW LONG?

How long shall time yet be—

And land and sea—

And earth and sky—

Things low and high?

How long shall rivers flow,

And comets glow,

And mountains stand

So lofty, grand?

How long will God be still,

While men fulfill,

As best they can,

His gracious plan?

How long shall flowers bloom

Around man's tomb,

And mock his fate

And fallen state?

HOW LONG?

How long, till man shall love
His God above,
And seek the good
Of brotherhood?

How long, O Lord, how long,
Will this vast throng,
Move on and hope
For thee, but grope!

How long shall sparkling eyes,
As clear as skies,
See beauties here
Without a tear!

How long till the voice now heard,
Like a singing bird,
In the gorgeous spring,
Shall cease to sing?

How long till these foot falls,
Within home walls,
Shall silent be,
Thru eternity.

HOW LONG?

How long, and when, and where,
Shall men appear,
When death shall come
To every one?

How long shall silence reign,
While the long train
Of time rolls on,
When man is gone?

How long,—O finite tho't,
It comes to naught,
I'll drop my pen—
Await the end!

A WISCONSIN VACATION

I'm wollerin' under big oak trees,
Wild flowers are blooming 'round,
The moss is soft like silken plush,
Nature's brussels fur the ground.

The sickle's song is in the air,
The meadows in the bloom,
A thousand flowers of hill and dale
Are celebratin' June.

The lazy clouds float o'er by head,
With bands of blue between;
And shade and shine chase on and on,
Across the fields of green.

The alders bloom beside the brook,
The cows are croppin' clover,
Broad fields of corn wave in the breeze,
The world's jes spillin' over

A WISCONSIN VACATION

With joys I kan't quite understand,
My life's chuck full of pleasure;
My soul is happy all the day,
I'm blest with scripture measure.

Oh soul of mine, be allers glad,
And don't make friends with sadness;
While livin' here, let's smile the while,
And make fast friends with gladness.

TRY AND TRUST

WHILE the days are going by,
Tho' we sigh,
Tho' we cry,
We will ever *trust* and *try*,
While the days are going by,
Let us *try*.

Tho' earth treasures fail and rust,
We will trust,
For we must,
If we have a cloak and crust,
We will ever *try* and *trust*.
Let us *trust*.

DRIE' DEICHER BOYS

VE HOT one leetle deicher boy,
Ve haben now some more
To dumble alls der hous geround,
Un roll him on der floor.

Drie deicher boys, great saurkraut,
Er Caesar, any one,
Vaht can der fatter, mutter, doz,
Ven alls dem boys begun?

A sprachen vorts mit Henglish kind,
Un cryin' Henglish vay?
Vould mix mein head all crazy, up,
And turn him growin' gray,

But ven dem boys vas vent to school,
And learn some better fine;
And grow some bigger like I vas,
(Thank Himmel they vas mein.)

DRIE DEICHER BOYS

I'll send dem alls to college school,
To learn dem alls so vise;
They'll be great men like never vas,
!And vin the would's pig prize!

But ven they got one better job
And got some gold, yer see,
Ve'll buy us alls a big fine farm,
Vaht's in Amerikee!

Some dime dem boys been comin' home
Mit drie sweet deicher frows;
Un den vir haben shillerns six,
Ve'll haben nict some rows!

GOING AWAY—COMING HOME

WHEN you go away, the sun and stars shine dim.
Vain seems the gain and hope and joy of men,
You take my heart and leave an aching void,
A dreamy longing for the unalloyed
Wealth of pleasure, that makes life worth while,
And lures us on the way another mile;
I'm like an ocean bark without a sail,
Or rudder, left to flounder in the gale.

When you come home, the stars and suns shine out,
This universe just seems to face about.
God sends a thrill of joy thru earth and sky,
The angels watch our meeting from on high;
Eyes look deep love. Two hearts beat strong and fast.
Two souls are wrapped in love. The parting's past,
Two brawny arms embrace a form—a kiss—
Two heaving breasts—a long embrace—'tis bliss!

A MOTHER'S GRAVE

BEYOND the hills and prairies wide,
Far, far away from this fireside,
There's a sacred spot, a billowy plain,
Where a dear one sleeps thru sun and rain—
Man's best friend, a mother dear—
For you and all she wept her tears!
Her boys and girls have older grown,
In distant lands they've built their homes.
Their children play about their doors,
Just as hers played in days of yore;
When her sweet voice rang out in song
In childhood's home, the whole day long.
No artist's hand, with subtle grace,
Could paint that mother's dear, sweet face;
It was aglow with hope and love,
Like th' shining saints who live above.
No poet's pen, with flowing rhyme,
Could write her life. It was sublime.

A MOTHER'S GRAVE.

It was a life of bitter tears
And joy withal, thru all the years.
The sweet, wild flowers bloom o'er her grave.
Where the long blue-stem, the breezes wave,
And the meadow lark begins the day,
In the gentle spring with his roundelay;
And the neighboring town is all alive
With thrifty trade and enterprise;
The farmer folk 'round far and near,
Still sow and reap year after year:
The tho'tless world, still rushing on,
Will follow soon where she has gone.
For, as she came, so all must come,
To occupy death's silent home.
A mother's grave should ever be
A sacred place, a shrine for thee.

FAMILY LUXURIES

KISS my babies for me,
Kiss my babies, all three.
For me they may kiss thee,
And thee and they all three,
Please kiss each other for me.

But when you all I see,
As we romp and play on the lea,
I will kiss my babies all three,
I will kiss my babies, and thee,
You will kiss each other and me!

THE COUNTRY SIDE—ON EARTH—IN
HEAVEN.

THE happiest man in all creation
Is he who has a good plantation,
A wife, and children three or four,
Playin' 'round his cottage door.

Sometimes all wander thru the corn,
Go bathing in the brook so warm;
'Tis fun to pitch the new mown hay,
Each one sandwitchin' work and play;
Er pole the harvest apples down;
Er show grandma the farm around;
'Tis fun to see the children grow
And play, like we did long ago.

When they come chasin' home from school,
They break and smash decorum rule,
Each racin' on 'till you they reach
To be the first to kiss your cheek.

THE COUNTRY SIDE—ON EARTH

And somehow, tho' you're sore cast down,
A smile will supercede your frown,
When you shall see them play and romp,
With childhood's glee and childhood's pomp!
You'll catch the joy of youth's glad day,
And let your gladness have full sway.
Their lives are ever fresh and new,
Just like God's world is kept for you!

If you would be a happy man,
Seek first, then follow, God's own plan;
He made the country, man the town.
He sent the laugh, man bro't the frown.

The happiest man in all creation
Is he who has a good plantation
A wife, and children three or four,
Playin' 'round his cottage door,
Out in the verdant country side,
Out there, O Lord, let me abide.
I'll see the green fields turn to gold,
I'll watch thy plans, enfold, unfold.

THE COUNTRY SIDE—IN HEAVEN

In heaven, where all men hope to be,
The Good Book says there is no sea;
But there's a "River," deep and wide,
The "Tree of Life" grows by its side;
And there's a "City" of pure gold,
Whose glory tongue has never told,
And minaret and tower and dome,
Shall decorate each heavenly home.

But are there farms, and country sides,
And country lanes and old firesides,
And fragrant flowers, and rippling brooks,
And shady dells, and sunny nooks,
And butterflies and birds and bees,—
Ripe apples hangin' on the trees,
A mother's love, a sister's cheer,
Just like we had while livin' here?
And shall we sing, and pop the corn,
Around the fireside, cozy, warm?
And be as happy as we were,
When livin' on the farm down here?

THE COUNTRY SIDE — IN HEAVEN

If so, when earthly scenes are o'er,
And I am borne to that fair shore,
I'll want to occupy my "Place
Prepared" by him, who saved the race;
I'll live in *heaven's country side*.
Out there, O Lord, let me abide,
Where green fields, thine, still turn to gold,
And plans thine own, enfold, unfold.

JOHN SHANK'S NIGHTMARE

“ ’TIS GOOD,” says John, “when evening comes
And all earth’s noise and busy hums
Are stilled in eve’s repose,
To have for tea, fat pork and beans,
Thy’re good enough for kings and queens.”
John was just then jocose.

When Shanks retires upon the cushion,
He lays his head in sweet delusion,
To sleep the night away;
His eyelids close, his mind reposes,
Poor, weary John, he sleeps, and snoozes,
So speeds the hours away.

JOHN SHANK'S NIGHTMARE.

In his sound sleep, so quiet and calm,
Appears a sign for dire alarm;

Hark, John is dreaming now,
He kicks and groans and tumbles 'round,
His downy bed seems tumbling down,
Hush Shanks is sleeping now.

He dreams again. Great ghosts he sees;
They jump the mountains, swim the seas,
The bed beneath him shakes;
The sun looks down with awful stare,
The big faced moon is everywhere,
The earth, beneath him, quakes!

Shank's funeral was grand and great,
The people came from Church and State.

They wrote above his head:
"John Shanks has crossed death's deep, dark stream."
But when he woke from his mad dream,
He was falling out of bed!

A PROOF

I STOOD at eve beneath the clear blue sky.

The western world was radiant with light.

The stars came out to illuminate the night.

I saw a crane alone, 'twas flying high.

It flew across the western fringe of gold.

Why? Whither? These queries it left untold.

It hastened on in silent, rapid flight

And pierced the thickening shadows of the night.

So man has moved across the world's dominions.

In awful silence, God has held aloof!

But man weaves well his platitudes, opinions.

Why is it all? Whither? Give us a proof!

Ah, if a bird is guided by a Power,

That Power will guard man's pathway every hour!

THE CLOCK STRIKES TWELVE

A SCORE and fifteen years ago, my sun
Of life began to climb its golden stair.
Today it touches noon! The clock strikes twelve!
High noon! A solemn hour in one's short life!
Life's morningtime was full of hope and light.
Aspiring joy crowned all. The birds sang well
In shady dells, and there I loitered long.
From college and the schools I sought my home
For my vacation time. A home set in
Among the flowers that formed a coronal.
Great orchard trees with big arms, handed down
Their fruits to me, kissed by a summer's sun.
The cooling forest trees invited me;
I sat beneath the overhanging elms
And fished. I watched in drowsy mood the bob,
And dreamed. I lived again the bygone days
And looked adown the years with vision strained
Like a mariner's.

THE CLOCK STRIKES TWELVE

The mowers sang their song,
The waving meadow-grass was soon laid low.
The stalwart boys helped fill the bins and mows,
Did well their part. Then school time came again,
The happiest time of all these morning hours.
But change is law on earth—the law of life—
None can foretell our fortune or our failure.
At last two loving hearts melt into one,
Charmed by that magic love that mates a world.
A happy home, wife, children, all are mine,
And so these years are gone; and now 'tis noon.

The golden sun shall soon descend the sky,
And set at eve. Shall Scripture years be mine,
“Three score and ten?” Ah, who can tell the time
Of my departure! This is my earnest prayer:
If in the afternoon the day grows dark,
And storms arise, and cold winds blow, O let
Me, Lord, more useful be than in the morning;
Please, let me toil till eve, dear Lord, for thee,
And may my sun illuminate the hills
With splendid glories of a well spent day.

THE CLOCK STRIKES TWELVE

And when my sun shall hide his face for aye,
And darkening shadows sable all the land,
Just let me steal away and rest with Thee!
A hope inspiring, and it lifts me up
Toward heaven, the final home of man redeemed.
It gives me courage here to dare and do,
And wait with patience for the final hour.

MAN'S KINSHIP

CAN this be true, that man is son,
And made the image of the One
Who flung the earth and all these worlds
Out into space, to flame and whirl?

This is the gist of God's great plan:
Th' divine and human meet in man;
Eternity and time in him do blend:
The Infinite is the finite's friend.

SHALL WE TOIL IN HEAVEN?

WHEN *we* enter the portals
Of heaven and home,
And victory, eternal, is won,
Shall we stand with the throng
That God has redeemed
Thru' the love of our Saviour, His Son?

Shall we toil in that world,
Or just bask in the light,
While ages and ages roll on?
Shall we wander, like fairies,
Among the bright flowers,
In that wonderful land in the sky?

On missions of mercy
I trow some shall go,
Wherever dwell suffering men;
To win them, and guide them,
And lead them to God,
From the paths of temptation and sin.

SHALL WE TOIL IN HEAVEN ?

Some shall finish their labors,
So nobly begun;
When they fell in the midst of the fight;
They will conquer at last,
For justice will win,
And the final great conqueror is RIGHT.

There is progress, I'm sure,
On both sides of the tomb.
Flowers bloom, on both banks of the stream.
Love reigns in both worlds,
And life's much the same—
A part of the Infinite's dream.

ME AND MARY ANN, VISITIN'

WE LIVE out in a country home,
My Mary Ann and me,
In a sort uv cosy cottage,
And as happy as can be.
We've planted crops and tended 'em,
And worked the hull year thru,
And tried to live like other folks,
And be as honest, too.

The work is hard and wearin' like,
On me and Mary Ann.
After some deliberatin'
I adopted this 'ere plan:
To jes clear out and leave the place,
Let Providence hold sway,
And rule the farm to suit Hissself,
Fur we are goin' away.

ME AND MARY ANN, VISITIN'

Cne day I came in from the field,
The sweat a rollin' down,
I says, says I, "My Mary Ann,
Lets quit and go to town,
And visit 'mong the kinfolks there,
A month er two, er more."
She says, says she, "That's left to you,
You know we're mighty poor."

It sort 'o sot her thinkin', tho',
And figgerin' up the price
Uv clothes, and fare, and everything.
She writ it out reel nice.
Then she handed me the paper
To investigate the same.
And my heart began a jumpin'—
Stirrin' up an awful pain!

Normus sum, a Hundred Dollars
Must be drawn before we start.
Tho't on it set a-goin'
Palpitation uv the heart.



ME AND MARY ANN, VISITIN'

But we'd been a long time toilin'
And hoardin' up the trash,
Till, I'll swear as sure as preachin',
I tho't too much uv cash.

And Mary Ann wuz 'bout like me.
She liked the Dollars, too,
And when we spent a few of 'em
'Twould set us feelin' blue.
But when we tho't uv seein' sights
And ridin' uv the cars,
And pattern after city folks,
And putin' on their airs,

I sot right down and writ the bank
To send the money on.
Before the neighbors had the news,
We'd all cleared out and gone.
Fur Mary Ann had fussed around
From morning, till the night,
And fixed us out, all spick and span.
I tell you 'twas a sight.

ME AND MARY ANN, VISITIN'

The boys all wearin' store clothes,
Knee pants and shoes that shine,
Blue sailors caps, and red neckties.
(I'm glad them boys are mine!)

My Mary Ann she ragged up, too,
Jes like she used to be,
When me and her, wuz coartin'
Way back in ninety-three.

And as fur me, why, Mary said
I looked as young and gay
As the day the parson made us one,
When we 'loped and run away.
We trot in double harness now
Along life's rugged road,
And neither one has iver balked,
With our discouragin' load.

One day we climbed aboard the train,
And went a dashin' by
The towns and farms with fruit and flowers,
And mountains most sky high.

ME AND MARY ANN, VISITIN'

We rumbled cross broad, flowing, streams,
Thru fields uv livin' green,
The richest lands, and finest crops,
That I have iver seen.

We arrived at destination
"All right side up with care."
And shore as I'm a livin'
Betsy Jane and Cy wuz there
Awaitin' at the depot,
To take us to their home
In their bloomin' automobilly,
And I wished I hadn't come.

It went a tearin' up the street,
And blowin' off its steam,
And I wuz skeered! Poor Mary Ann
I tho't she's goin' to scream.
I promised God and all the rest,
If I got off alive,
I'd niver board another one,
I'd jes hitch up and drive.

ME AND MARY ANN, VISITIN'

They pointed out, as on we flew,
The places uv renown;
But I niver seen a single thing
As we passed clean thru the town.
I felt dead sure' we'd break our necks,
We didn't, I declare,
And when we stopped before their door,
I breathed a fervent prayer.

That very day, toward evenin' time,
We took a stroll around.
Cy said we'd go to Warner's store,
Fur a "bird's eye view" uv town;
We took the elevator up,
A room six feet by seven,
I tho't we'd shorely niver stop
Till it landed us in heaven.

We reached the top, and looked around,
On the boasted works of man;
Compared with God's own handiwork
The hull blamed thing's a sham.

ME AND MARY ANN, VISITIN'

Vast piles uv brick, and old smoke stacks,
A grass patch, now and then,
With howlin' trains, and rumblin' streets,
Make city life—not men.

We elevated down, again,
After seenin' uv the town,
And shore as fate I tho't the trap
Would smash right in the ground.
My usual height is five feet, eight,
But comin' down that thing,
It seemer to me I stretched right out,
Jes like a rubber string.

We went to church as usual,
When Sunday came around,
Expectin' great experiences,
And preachin' most profound.
When the preacher riz with flowin' robes,
'Bout like yer mother wears,
I felt jes like a feller does,
A tumblin' clean down stairs.

ME AND MARY ANN, VISITIN'

The choir went blundering thru their song,
 Repeatin' word on word,
Till 'twas the most mixed up affair,
 That I have iver heard!
Oh! when I want to worship God
 I'll allers choose to go
Where people worship from the heart,
 And 'taint all done fur show.

We visited the city slums,
 The parks, the sights, the shows;
We must have seen most iverthing,
 We seen anuff, Lord knows,
To sot most any *thinkin' man*
 'Gainst all this modern craze
Uv reformin' on religion
 And improvin' on Christ's ways!

We've got back home, thank fortune,
 The dearest spot on earth.
I allers hankered after it,
 But now I know its worth.

ME AND MARY ANN, VISITIN'

Vacation, eh, is mighty fine—

Jes seein' sights around.

But all the gold them fellers have,

Wouldn't make me move to town.

I'll iver love this dear, old place,

It's birds, and flowers, and bees,

Sweet roses, fields, and ripenin' fruit,

And spreadin' forest trees.

Out here my Mary Ann and me,

Enjoy our happy lot,

We'll be content to live and die

On earth's most sacred spot.

SILENCE OF THE CANYON.

GRAND Canyon had no speech to make.

She never said a word.

While I viewed her matchless glory,

I was startled by a bird.

It came flying, tumbling thru the air,

And stopped beside me there,

And sung the sweetest little song.

How I wanted you to hear.

A little chipmunk then rushed out

And stood on his hind legs

And chattered me a welcome

To this land of towering crags.

Then, another little songster,

From the tip top of a pine,

Sang as sweet as ever echoed

In the valley of the Rhine!

But the Gorge was mute, but glorious,

Magnificent, sublime!

Her secrets still remain her own

And will thruout all time!

GOOD BYE, DEVONA

DEVONA, dear, has gone to rest,

Her spirit took its flight.

'Twas in the morning of her life,

That morn was gay and bright.

'Twas in a bright autumnal morn,

It seemed two worlds had met,

And heaven's host with joy and pride,

Took back the little pet.

Before she went she called us all

About her little bed,

And in her simple childlike trust,

These words to us she said:

"Good bye to all, I'm going home

To heaven's fairer clime,

You'll meet me there in that bright world

In some sweet after time."

GOOD BYE, DEVONA

She sleeps where blooms the golden-rod,
And falls the autumn leaf;
Her's was a life of loveliness,
Why was that life so brief?

Our hearts are sore and very sad!
But with her childlike faith,
In some sweet day, "sweet after time,"
We'll meet at heaven's gate.

THE BULLION STATE

THE bullion state
Is a grand old state.
I love her trickling rills,
Bold towering cliffs,
Huge rocks, deep rifts,
The blue grass covered hills;
Deep, shady dales,
And flower-filled vales,
Broad, boundless, forest green,
Clear, bubbling springs,
That run and sing,
Lithe, limpid, living streams.

Rich prairie land
God did command
To reach from north to south;
The valleys broad,
Man would applaud,
We seldom have a drought.

THE BULLION STATE

With little toil
The fertile soil
Most luscious fruits will yield;
Corn, oats and wheat
And meadows sweet,
Great stores of wealth reveal.

Among the hills
Are pastures filled
With horses, sheep and kine;
In shady dells,
Sweet music swells
From hearts that never pine:
Where'er there's room,
Bright flowers bloom
Along the cheery ways;
From flowery cup,
The bees may sup,
Sweet nectar **day** by day.

Of coal and **zink**,
I really think,

THE BULLION STATE

We'll never find their end;
Some men have said,
We have enough lead
To meet all needs of men:
We have iron ore,
For earth, and more,
In Ozark's rugged wilds;
And jewels as bright
As the stars at night,
Earth's wealthy men beguile.

Oh, Bullion State,
So grand and great,
Thy wealth's in boundless store.
May it ever be
That men may see
Thy greatness more and more
Thy lustrous name
Shines like a flame
On history's pages bright;
Brave, loyal sons
For man have won
Their battles for the right.

THE BULLION STATE

Away from home,
Thy sons may roam,
On many distant strands;
But in their hearts,
They'll ne'er depart
From old Missouri lands.
Thy sons will strive
To make thee thrive,
They'll love thee more and more,
Till God's last call,
When earth shall fall,
And time shall be no more!

WHAT IS LIFE?

AH, WHAT is life? Is it just to feel,
To weep, to laugh, in woe or weal?
To live 'mong men we cannot know?
To garner in what others sow?
To follow phantoms year by year,
And grope our way thru hope and fear?
To twine heart tendrils 'round our all,
Like trailing vines on a crumbling wall?

Ah, what is life—an echoing wail,
From broken hearts that always fail?
A drifting out, with the ebb and flow,
Like ocean tides as they come and go?
Is it living thru our allotted days,
And looking up thru the mist and haze?
Is it wandering on thru storm and shine,
Floating gently down the stream of time?

WHAT IS LIFE?

Ah, this is life—To live and love
And make this world like that above;
To pluck a flower, to plant a tree;
To watch the stars, and the deep, blue sea;
To make men laugh, to make them strong,
To be heroic, and fight the wrong,
To know this world's God's nursery—
A training school for eternity.

MINE LEETLE BOY

MINE leetle boy's nict weary pig,
He grew some vonze or twize,
But vaht he lacks in length and breadth,
He makes up bein' nize.

You say dot boy wuz weary small,
Dem on der count von size.
Dot boy von mine wuz biggern mir,
Vhen it comes to bein' vize.

Mine leetle boy plays hoss mit mir,
Un rides him on mine back.
Ve shumps an runs the room geround,
Dill mamma's patienz wuz racked.

Ve den, ve dry some udder sport,
Dill vhen hims gone to sleep;
But soon von oud der coverlets
Blue eyes begins to peep.

MINE LITTLE BOY

Some day mine boy been older wuz,
When him wazs grown a man;
When he would been de president
Un rule dis fatterland.

Vaht ever elz wuz come on him,
He wuz mine pride un joy,
Un vile I lif, mine prayer vilt be,
Gott bless mine leetle boy!

A GOLDEN WEDDING

TIME speeds on wings! Just fifty years today
Two paths converged in one and led away
O'er rugged hills thru wonder-lands unknown,
In search of wealth, and happiness, and home.

In life's green spring, our buoyant plans well up
And promise all that human hearts desire—the cup
In prospect's full of joy. The years sweep by,
We look upon the same, again, and cry!

These two dear souls that God had joined as one,
Commenced their journey toward the setting sun.
They crossed our world from that far eastern shore
And built their home where western sea-waves roar.

A God-blest home was that, and children, nine,
Began their voyage o'er the seas of time.
They played and prattled all, in childish glee,
But two dear boys now sail the unknown sea.

A GOLDEN WEDDING

Old age sits here and ponders on it all,
And waits with patience for the final call;
Tho' burden-worn with toil and many cares,
They plodded on thru fifty rugged years!
And still their souls are young; for endeared love
Of friends, neighbors, and God above,
Made long life sweet indeed. She blest his life
With the riches of a kind, devoted wife.
He gave to her a love that would not die.
"Twill blossom forth beyond the starry sky.

Fifty years! Ah, who can tell the tale
Of spotless purity. True hearts bewail
The failures, faults, follies of life's short day;
Some men would tramp again the same old way
And rectify all wrongs. It cannot be.
We hasten on toward vast eternity!

The sun is hanging low. 'Twill soon be night
But ah, "at eventide, it shall be light."
For all who live for God and human weal,
The words, and life of Jesus both reveal

A GOLDEN WEDDING

Good men shall live again, and have a home,
“A place prepared” by Jesus for his own.

Tho’ these dear ones have toiled these many years,
And sought an ideal home, now thru their tears,
They see it come to naught. They long for home
That is ideal and real—man’s greatest boon—
A home not made with hands, on heaven’s shore,
Where men shall live, and love forevermore.

I AM THE WAY.

TO PREACH the Christ, is human,
To practice Him, divine.
How sweet to heed His summons
And then march on "in line!"

Just follow Christ the Savior,
The man of Galilee,
The path leads thru the garden
They called Gethsemane.

Then up the slopes of Calvary,
And thru the gilded tomb,
And then it leads to Olivet,
And to immortal bloom!

THE FUTURE

AS THE snowflakes descend
On the deep rolling sea,
Even so fall the moments
On you and on me.
As the snowflakes are lost
On the ocean's rough wave,
So our earth-life is lost
In the dark lonely grave.

We look at the future
Thru great telescopes;
We magnify prospects
And brighten our hopes,
But when we approach it
How faded it seems;
Yet the future, again,
With heaven's light gleams.

THE FUTURE

Do we love most the present
Or the future, instead!
Do we weep for the living?
No, we weep for the dead!
We are proud of our learning
We are vain of our gold;
Why? We know not *our* future;
It has never been told!

The years will bring sorrow
And pleasure, and pain;
The years will bring sunshine
Dark days, and calm rain:
And the "shuttle" of fortune
With "woof" black or white
Must pass thru the "warp"
In the great "loom" of life.

The "chain" and the "filling,"
Must be deeds nobly done
For the sad and oppressed,
As we journey toward home!

THE FUTURE

The robes that are woven,
Are eternity's gowns;
Are these gowns fit for heaven,
Oh! is there a crown?

Life's journey is short.
Oh, why are we proud?
A cradle—a few years—
A winding death-shroud!
Prepare for the Future,
Why stand around?
Work while the day lasts.
Why encumber the ground?

Then come to us, Future,
We are waiting for thee.
Please unlock thy treasures,
We are anxious to see.
Alas, when the Future
Is the Present, we fear
We'll still long for the Future,
The Future more dear.

PEACE

BLESSED Peace!

Thou art a queen, again, on the throne,
Our nation's thy realm, please make it thy home.

Come, quiet our fears.

We'll weep no more tears!

The dread wrongs
Lie buried 'neath oblivious waves,
Contentions lie low in their unknown graves,
May it ever be so,
While the years come and go.

Come, sweet Peace!

In all the earth reign—in each heart and home,
Th' universe thy temple and heaven thy throne.

Thou art always man's friend.

May thy reign never end.

LOVE AND HOPE

FLOWERS in letters from thee, sweetheart,
Woo my soul toward thine, where 'er thou art,
They both conceal fair cupid's dart,
From whose deep wounds I feign would smart,
As it quivers in my aching heart;
I send thee flowers, may they impart
The love that loves its counterpart;
But souls on earth must live apart,
Each one must sail his own frail bark.

There is a land of summer's clime,
There all God's saints in glory shine—
A land of love. There is no crime,—
There loving hearts shall never pine.
It is God's purpose and design
That everyone shall be resigned;
Then I'll be yours and you'll be mine,
My loving hopes 'round you will twine
Thru all the *eons* of coming time.

A MOONLIGHT MEDITATION.

AT EVENING tide, from the river's side,
I saw the moon arise, and ride
To highest heights, and claim her right
To rule the silent hours of night.

I watched her gleam upon the stream,
I loved the silent, somber scene.
I watched her raid on midnight shade,
Still marching on from glen to glade.

I tho't and mused on life's rough cruise
On unknown seas. Is life a ruse?
I asked. And he who answers me,
No greater man will this earth see!

THANKSGIVIN'

WHEN the crops hev all been gathered,
And the hull year's work is done,
And the rabbit 'gins to hop about,
Kick up his heels in fun,
When the ice is freezin' thicker,
And the winter winds are sighin',
And the sleigh bells are a ginglin',
And the year is 'bout **a-dyin'**:
Then I feel jes mighty thankful,
Settin' in my home so warm,
While without they's howlin' blizzards,
Flyin' snows and whirlin' storms.

When they's sausage in the skillet,
Jes a-cisin' and a-fryin',
The flapjacks are a-bakin,
And the coffee pots a-bilin',
When they's turkeys, fat and struttin'
In the barnyards, hangin' 'round,

THANKSGIVIN'

Gobblin' 'bout Thankgivin' morning,
When they'll all be roasted brown;
I kin celebrate Thanksgivin'
Ev'ry day with peace uv mind,
Though the winter wind is howlin',
Thru the tall and stately pine.

When they's popcorn in the garret,
Fur months its been a-dryin',
And its hoppin' poppin' music,
Will hush a baby's cryin';
When they's apples in the cellar,
Juicy, luscious, meller, fine,
Tho'ts uv 'em make me hungry,
Fur the stomic they's sublime!
My cup's jes runnin' over
With all the joys, you know,
And I'm thankful fur abundance
That is mine the hull year thru.

When they's turnups and purtaters
With all their kith and kind,
In the dim light uv the cellar
Where the yaller punkins shine!

THANKSGIVIN'

When preserves and apple butter,
Jam and jelly, here you find;
And the canned fruit, goodness grachus,
Gathered in from ev'ry clime!
When our bins are full to bustin',
And our hay mows crammed full, too,
I kin celebrate Thanksgivin',
Ev'ry day the hull year thru!

With all these good things 'round us,
And with winter's cold outside,
I will take some solid comfort,
And in ease I'll jes abide:
And I tell you, I'll be truthful—
No use to be a-lyin'—
I'm mighty glad to be in doors,
While the winter winds are sighin';
I jes love the situration,
Here with wife and babies mine,
And in comfort, peace, and plenty,
We will pass the winter time!

DO I LIKE WORK?

Do I like work? Could I choose the job
And bring returns like Mister Schwab?
A million a year as president
'O the great steel trust; and wasn't sent
To prison cell! A million a year
Is what I want; then I don't care
For Ophir's gold or Croesus' wealth
Alone. But I'd like good health.
And I want part pay to be sweet smiles,
Kind words and deeds, not stacks and piles
Of lands, or gold and such like trash.
For to deal with men, I'll try the cash
That angels use—The coin of love—
Made, stamped and sent from God's mints above.

“FOOLISHNESS OF PREACHING.”

IT SEEMS almighty easy
And nice and bright and breezy
To occupy a pew,
And hear a brilliant preacher,
A good religious teacher,
Just tell you what to do.

His platitudes will pelt you,
His eloquence will melt you,
You drop a silent tear;
You seek full absolution,
And make new resolutions,
To guide you thru the year.

But when you meet the rabble
In the streets, again you dabble
In the muddy pool of sin.
You forget your brilliant preacher,
And your good religious teacher,
And the Devils slyly grin.

OLD OCEAN

I STOOD upon our western shore
And heard the ocean's billows roar,
And saw them toss and tumble o'er
 Each other in their glee;
And fret and foam and froth and dash,
Right on, and on, as if they'd smash
The rugged rocks, and play and splash,—
 These children of the sea!

They now advance, roll and recede,
They fall and rise and rush with speed;
Like humankind, each wants to lead
 His fellows in the fray:
They sparkle in the morning light,
They shine like diamonds in the night,
They gleam and glint like jewels bright,
 And hurl their silvered spray.

OLD OCEAN

Old Ocean's cavern's depths and dells
Hold mysteries she never tells;
And o'er her dead, she heaves and swells,
Thru-out unending years.

The ship that sailed came back no more,
It foundered on some distant shore
And human hearts now sad and sore
Still weep life's bitter tears!

"Just one more voyage," a husband said,
"Another voyage," a lover plead,
They sailed away; and for their dead
A wife and maiden weep.

The fleets of ships from every land,
The nations' navies, nobly manned,
Are strewn with crews on every strand.
O the graveyards of the dead!

STAR OF BETHLEHEM

O STARS of God, shine on, shine on,
Thru distant ages yet to dawn,
Illuminate the land and sea,
Shine on for God, shine on for me,
Shine on thru all eternity.

But if the stars must fade and fall,
Shall darkness then reign over all?
One Star, undimmed, shall still remain
And light the upward path of men.
O guiding Star of Bethlehem!

AN ESTIMATE

SOME men love to study art,
Some try to learn of nature,
Some men would know the universe,
While some would know its maker,
Some minds pore o'er philosophy
And some would study nations,
But some have time fur nuthin' else,
But to gather in their rations.

The limb of learnin' I would climb,
In the great big tree of knowledge,
Is one that teaches me of men,
Then must I go to college?
O no, course not, the throng the place
To study fools and savants;
They pass along the streets like sheep,
Up and down the city's pavements.

AN ESTIMATE

O, see 'em rush, and see 'em race,
And hear their gib and prattle,
They're doin' *bis* these mortals think,
Just rushin' on like cattle;
They tramp upon each other's necks,
To escape the curse (?) of labor;
What cares this anxious crazy crowd,
For Bible, God, or neighbor.

Here's handsome women, "upper crust,"
With paint and powders glowin';
From little waists of fools and knaves
The silken gowns are flowin':
Here's burly men who live on graft,
Who're monarchs of corruption:
Their hearts as empty as their heads,
Their stomics full to bustin'.

And here's the beggar, there's the dude,
The thief is somewhere prowlin'
And here's the street pad on his beat,
And there's the fakir howlin':

AN ESTIMATE

The priest and preacher may be seen,
O no, I speck they're learnin'
Their little piece fur Sunday next,
While hell keeps right on burnin'!

Saloons are licensed here for gold.
Are men so daft, er lazy,
They favor this and other crimes,
Er have thy all gone crazy?
From observatin', I decide
We're a blamed, low set, we mortals,
And few are traveling up that road,
That leads to heaven's portals.

Rich paupers, and poor millionaires,
And brainless brainy, savants,
And witless wits, and foolish wise,
All tramp our city pavements;
But all who tramp the dirty streets,
Of any earthly city,
Among the men who think they're "IT"
Are objects of our pity.

A RESOLUTION

THE deep mystery,
The sad history,
Of life is hard to solve;
But never mind,
Be strong, be kind,
Make this a stern resolve.

“Quit you like men”
Till life shall end.
Enrich that sacred story
Of the strong and brave,
Who are in the grave,
But whose souls abide in Glory.

MY SWEETHEART'S BOQUET.

MY BLESSED wife, the joy of life,
Why came here to dry a tear?
To make the gloom flee from my room?
To bring me cheer to my study here?

Ah, you've brought a flower, this morning hour,
As fresh and new as the morning dew,
And placed it there near my study chair,
And it fills my room with its sweet perfume.

Though my heart was sad, you made me glad.
And I've tho't of you, old sweetheart true,
A hundred times, while I wrote my rhymes.
Ah, that small boquet made a happier day!

“LET THERE BE LIGHT”

MYRIAD fires are kindled in the sky.

They flash and gleam thruout the tranquil night,

And guide the lonely traveler aright

Who lit those lamps and hung them there on high?

Omnipotence built this temple high, and hung

These chandeliers to send their somber light

Thru all the rooms. God turns them on at night.

A million years these lamps of God have swung

And flashed and flamed. But still undimmed by time,

They pour their light o'er all, as in the hour

When God's hand placed them there by mighty
power,

And said, “Let there be light, for these are mine.

Emblazon there my name thru all the years

That men may read it there and have no fears.”

LIVELY STOCK

THE crickets in the tree top
Are settin' out there airtin',
And singin' their religious songs
Er du you think they're prayin'?

The gnats air allers hungry.
And snappin' at yer hide,
Er eatin' up yer baby,
That's screamin' by yer side.

The fleas kin du some eatin', too,
Their hoppin's worser still,
Uv alls the beasts I iver knew
They're the worst to ketch and kill.

The bed-bug, lean and hungry,
When yer tucked right snug in bed,
Will gnaw, and chaw, and eat yer up,
And make yer wish yer dead.

LIVELY STOCK

The ticks will stick thru thick and thin
Much closer than yer brother;
And while Pat lasts, their friendship lasts,
They'll hanker fur no uther.

The chiggers air a pesky lot,
The reddest little midgets;
But big gunuff to conquer you,
And give yer eachin' figets.

These noisy crickets, flees and ticks,
And gnats and lice and flies,
Mosquitoes, chiggers and their kind,
Will make the dead arise!

I niver could xactly see,
Jes why they air these bugs,
Begorry, they hev got the gall
To eat yer up, the thugs!



THE OLD HOME

MY HAPPY home! you rest beneath the summer sky,
All clothed in living green. And sweetheart, I
Can catch the fragrance of the summer flowers
And scent the fresh green grass as in the hours
(O long remembered, dreamy, golden days.)
When we together walked these pleasant ways.
The sun's rays slant beneath the stately trees
On sward of green below. The gentle breeze
Blows on, with odors from the sweet hay fields.
A thousand memories from the long past yields
Their all to me! Today my life is sad,
My heart is pained! O could we all be glad
'Twould better be. Alas! dear ones have gone
To that eternal rest—we call it home.
Some still live here in homes moss-grown and gray
With age, and some have wandered far away,
A broken band is left of those we knew,
Strange, strange is life below: who would eschew

THE OLD HOME

To live it o'er again? Life! does it pay
To live and suffer here day after day?
And have our dearest treasures roughly torn
From our embrace? 'Twere better yet unborn
If this life compassed all! We look beyond,
With eyes of faith, and feel there is a bond
That binds us all to God's saved throng.
O joys immortal! It will not be long
When friends may meet again. The saved up there
Can love to heart's content without a tear
To mar their joy. O happy vision
Of the joys untold of that life Elysian.

*Life is worth all it costs in tears and fears
Tho' conflicts wage and rage a thousand years.*

SONG OF FAITH

WHEN troubles assail me, and sorrows oppress,
And my poor heart is sad and deep in distress;
I will call on the Lord to deliver and bless,
His comfort will sooth like a mother's caress.

While we're on these rough shores how the wintry
wind blows,
Shall we ever abide in this mansion of woes?
Our Christ will refresh like the dew on the rose;
And blessings from Him like a broad river flows.

I now ask you, Father, to help me be true,
While the years pass me by in solemn review;
O Lord, take my hand and lead me on thru
This blest life of service. May I live it for you.

CHRISTMAS DAY

O HEART of mine,
 'Tis Christmas time.
The bells ring out their merry chime.
 And all mankind,
 In every clime,
Rejoice again, at Christmas time.

O hallowed day,
 Our holiday,
A man was born who dared to say :
 "I am the life, the truth, the way."
 But on that day,
 Our Savior lay,
 Upon the hay,
 (Christ's natal day)
That first, and holiest, Christmas day !

A CALIFORNIA NEWCOMER.

I'M STAYING in California now,
The far-famed golden state,
Where they advertise thruout the world,
A fortune "while you wait,"
They boast about their fruit and flowers,
Their fields of waving grain,
But never say a single word
About the need of rain!

Sometimes, it rains in winter time,
Sometimes there's scarce a drop
To be a-soaking up the earth,
For to raise another crop.
The dust is geting half knee deep,
The sun is blazing hot.
O where's the shade to woller in,
O where's a grassy spot?

A CALIFORNIA NEWCOMER.

Where are the wild flowers, fresh and new,
Upon a thousand hills?

Where is the meadow's morning dew?

Where are the singing rills?

I long to hear the chattering squirrel,

The sweet songs of the birds,

A thousand voices of the wood

These deserts never heard.

O give to me my native land,

Where corn and cotton grow;

Where joys untold attend my way,

And men don't live for show:

Ah, there beneath her stately trees,

Beside her silver streams,

Just let me rest in sweet content,

And dream life's happy dreams!

LIFE CONTINUED

When suns grow dim,
And stars do fall,
God's sovereign hand
Still rules o'er all.

And men shall live,
Love, and aspire
When this old world
Is burned with fire.

I AM TIRED

I AM tired of the world,
 Its hurry and flurry,
I am tired of its waste,
 Its want and its worry,
I am tired of its work,
 Its flurry and hurry,
But I haven't grown tired of its love.

I am tired of its toil,
 Its tears and its treasures,
I am tired of its play,
 Its pains and its pleasures,
I am tired of its meetings,
 Its men and its measures,
But I haven't grown tired of its love.

I am tired of its calmness,
 Its crimes and its horror,
I am tired of its shame,
 Its shadows and sorrow,

I AM TIRED

I am tired of its trials,
And hopes of tomorrow,
But I haven't grown tired of its love.

I am tired of its dogmas,
And constant commanding,
I am tired of its sin,
Its sinning and shamming,
I am tired of its power,
Its patience and planning,
But I haven't grown tired of its love.

I am tired of its bane,
Its battles and blunders,
I am tired of its storms,
Its lightnings and thunders,
I am tired of its mighty works,
Puzzles and wonders,
But I haven't grown tired of its love.

A JUNE VISIT

BLEST month is here. The birds are glad and gay.
Bright flowers spring up and shed their soft perfumes.
The singing brooks glide down the winding vales
Toward river's brim, and hush at last their songs
In ocean's roar. The stars look down at night.
The full faced moon smiles slyly on the world.
Each livelong day the sun ascends on high,
And climbs adown his golden stairs at eve;
And shadows fall around this mundane sphere,
And ticking clocks tell tales of passing time.

Oh, how we talked of happy days gone by,
Of childhood's home, and those who loved us there,
Of friends who live in many lands afar,
Of friends who sleep beneath the summer flowers.
We talked of *hope*, that ever lures man on,
Toward distant goal. Sometimes we sailed
On seas of doubt and wept life's bitter tears.

A JUNE VISIT

In one brief month we lived, again, a score
Of years, or more. Alas it sped away
As if it flew on speed's own wings, away.
The month is gone, this June of nineteen two,
And now I'll fly away toward setting sun.
Peace be with thee. May angels guard thy way.
Heaven bless thee! And when the world is drear,
And desolate, and friends are very few,
Then think of brother's love, as fresh and new
As morning dew, when springtime brings its joys.
Be true, my dear, and may you all be true,
Reach up toward heaven, and grasp that guiding hand
That rules the world and guards our destiny.

Should fate decree our paths must separate be,
And we should dwell full many miles apart,
Then let us think of days gone by too soon,
Of days to come ere long when we shall go
Where all mankind must go—and dwell with those
Who love us still. Good by, my dear, adieu.

DEDICATED TO KERN RIVER OIL MEN

HIGH derricks, hard toil,
Great pipe lines, black oil,
Big reservoirs, tanks,
In front, rear and flank;
And shanties galore,
Roof, four walls and floor.
With furniture scant—
One little house plant,—
A meager life fare,
Are what we have here,
Among those who toil
And go boring for oil.

But our boys and our girls,
With their ringlets and curls,
Are as good as the best
By any fair test;

DEDICATED TO KERN RIVER OIL MEN

Our women are as fair
As they are anywhere;
And an honest set
Of men, I'll just bet,
Can nowhere be found
In country or town,
Than they who here toil,
In this dirty, black oil.

This chap recommends
To his millionaire friends,
(And I'll tell you 'tis true
That they're *very* FEW)
If sad with remorse,
To simply endorse
The good honest way
That's in vogue here today,
Among sturdy hands
That execute plans
Of the wily oil kings,
With their big diamond rings.

DEDICATED TO KERN RIVER OIL MEN

Better live in a shack,
Than forever to lack
The heaven-born love
That comes from above;
And have horny hands,
And execute plans
Of a kerosene king,
Than to stoop to a thing
That's low, mean and base,
To win in the race.

*If you're honest and true
You can forge your way thru.*

AN ANGEL'S KISS

TABLE'S cleared and supper's over;
Stock's turned out in fields of clover.
Fireflies lighting up the bushes;
Bullfrogs croaking in the rushes;
Prayers are said and good byes spoken;
And the family circle's broken;
Tired brows rest upon the cushion,
Dozing, dreaming in confusion.
Half hear angel's feet a-tapping,
Tripping softly on the matting
Feel a stroke of angel-fingers
On my hair. A sweet kiss lingers
On my lips. O heaven's enchantment!
Love's young dream of sweet contentment!
Bliss of heaven and I awaken!
Heaven of bliss! was I mistaken?
Oh no, no, 'twas my sweetheart's fingers
Stroked my hair; and her kiss still lingers
On my lips. *'Tis my love of living—*
Mutual love, receiving, giving.

WILL YOU MISS ME?

WHEN the sweet perfume is wafted
From the meadow, heath and moor,
By the zephirs gently blowing
Thru the open cottage door;
When the earth is sweetly resting
In the arms of spring's warm sun,
Do you think that you will miss me,
Will you miss me when I'm gone?

When you take a morning ramble
Where our children used to play,
Down beside the friendly elms,
There they loitered many a day;
When you stroll thru field and orchard,
Where the birds their love songs sung,
Do you think that you will miss me,
Will you miss me when I'm gone?

WILL YOU MISS ME?

When you sit beside the window,
And earth's mingled sounds you hear,
And the tho'ts of old companions
Bring to you a silent tear;
When you sit there in the gloaming,
When your long day's work is done,
Do you think that you will miss me,
Will you miss me when I'm gone?

When the shades of evening gather
'Round our home, where you and me,
Used to occupy the arm-chair,
Rocking, singing in our glee;
While the stars came out to watch us,
From that star bespangled dome:
Do you think that you will miss me,
Will you miss me when I'm gone?

When you play on the piano,
Will you sing songs, soft and low,
Songs that we have sung together,
In the happy long ago?

WILL YOU MISS ME?

Let the music softly echo
Thru the rooms of our old home.
Do you think that you will miss me,
Will you miss me when I'm gone?

When you read the sacred Scripture,
And you kneel at eve to pray,
Thanking God for all His goodness,
Leading you another day:
Then the good night kiss is given,
Ah, alas! all miss that one!
Ah, I know that you will miss me,
Sadly miss me when I'm gone!

GOD'S SOLDIERS

WHEN all my dears prepare for bed,
Tired wife and weary boys,
There's sure to be a storm ahead,
And lots of roguish noise.

When play is done in quiet rest
They close their heavy eyes,
While angels guard our little nest,
God's soldiers of the skies.

THO'TS OF GOD

THE stars spell out God's name
In fire and flame.

The mountains towering high
Shout, "God is nigh."

Wherever oceans roll,
God's name is told.

Little flowers everywhere
Lisp, "God is here."

The tumbling waterfall
Obeys God's call.

Men cannot live apart
From God's own heart.

The savage in his den,
Must worship Him,

The cultured christian man
Heeds God's command,

God loves poor fallen man
In every land.

THO'TS OF GOD

God always loves you, men,
Do you love Him?
Man will pray, evermore,
On every shore,
On life's great battle field,
God is a shield.
In all earth's broad domains
God's mercy reigns.
Let men and angels sing
Of Him, our King.
Jehovah is the name
Men will proclaim,
God's way should be our way
For life's short day,
If I live on land or sea
God comforts me.
For the crown that He will give
Let us love and live.
Just be patient, kind and true,
He'll lead you thru.

WE PART TO MEET AGAIN

LAST NIGHT I said "Good bye." The shadows fell
Around our home and broke the happy spell
Of sunshine. Ah, around my heart as well,
A shadow cast its gloom; for who can tell
But hours may grow to months, and months to years,
Before I see your face again? My tears
May fall; my heart cry out from depths unknown,
If I, henceforth, should tread life's path alone.
My muse is sad today! Tomorrow, dear,
Our paths shall cross again, let us not fear.
Fond lover's lips shall press each other then,
And love shall be our passion once again.
Oh, Arbiter of man, thy vigils keep,
If we shall roam the land, or sail the deep.

WIND, EARTHQUAKE, FIRE, VOICE

I

'Tis noon. Intensest heat holds sway
And shimmers on the hills away.
The flowers droop low in field and fell.
No song is heard from wooded dell,
The birds are mute within the copse;
Insects are hid among the rocks:
Death stillness reigns thruout the land.
Look, yonder! hurrying clouds, like bands
Of soldiers, madly rushes on,
Marshalling forces, for a storm.
The lightnings flash, the thunders roar,
The tempests moan, the torrents pour.
Like a hungry beast, mad, wild for blood,
The frenzied storm pours forth its flood.
With awful din, the mad cyclone
Destroys man's all, lays waste his home,
The wand of desolation wields,
Devours his cities, forests, fields.

WIND, EARTHQUAKE, FIRE, VOICE

His strongest buildings quiver, crash,
And fall, in ruins, with mighty crash.
And man is left crushed, bleeding, dead.
But worlds move on above his head:
And calm, fair days will follow on.
Poor man alone is left to morn!

II

One day our world was glad and gay,
Sweet music floated on the air,
Bright flowers, ripe fruit, were everywhere,
Then dawned on man an awful day:

A thud of power is heard below,
And distant mutterings strike the air;
All life is seized with dreach-white fear,
The stolid earth sways to and fro.

The rugged hills, and mountains quake,
Like flowers that feel the driving rain,
When thunders rumble o'er the plain,
And storms disturb the placid lake.

Earth heaves, again, with mightier power.
It rises, shakes, rocks, reels and falls,
Like evening's shadows on home walls.
Each moment seems as many hours!

WIND, EARTHQUAKE, FIRE, VOICE

The earth is left scarred, crushed and torn,
Fair cities lay prostrate and dead,
Companion worlds move on o'er head,
And man alone is left to mourn!

III

While I mused, the fire was bright
In the old fire place at night,
And I lived again the scenes
Of past days, and dreamed sweet dreams,
Hark, the fire-alarm is given,
Thru the streets fleet steeds are driven,
With the ladders, hose, all means,
To apply the quenching streams.
But the hungry, crackling flames
Laugh defiance at water-mains,
Run and leap, devouring all.
Massive buildings crash and fall,
Desolation, wide and deep,
Borders every alley, street.
Then a hundred thousand souls
Penniless must face the cold,
Howling winds blow, rains descend.
Mother Nature acts the fiend,
Just when mankind needs a friend!

WIND, EARTHQUAKE, FIRE, VOICE

And poor man is left to mourn,
Shelterless, out in the storm!

IV

The elements have howled and raved,
And ruined, and roared, and rushed, and played.
They heartlessly have murdered men
And taken home, and all, from them!
Then calm days surely followed on.
But, why must man so sorely mourn?
Ah, when he weeps life's bitter tears,
'Tis then "the still small voice," he hears.
He knows the voice and why 'tis given.
A soothing voice. It comes from heaven:
The Lord shall wipe away our tears
And comfort us, dispel our fears,
And make us happy in our loss,
And make us glad to bear our cross.
He'll give us hope, and lead us on,
Toward golden ages that shall dawn,
When earth, and stars, shall cease to be.
And we shall live, love and be free
From all earth's turmoil, toil and storm,
Ah, then! all men will *cease to mourn!*

TWO LOVERS

THE sun is set. Dark gray clouds streak the sky.
Fair cities seem to nestle there on high.
Tinkling bells are heard below. The droaning bees
Are home again. The boughs of giant trees
Droop low and dream. The Katydid's wild whir,
The whippoorwill's sad word are on the air.
The crickets chirp upon the hearth. The stars
Shine out just like a thousand fires.
All else is still. Then Mister Dew appears
And takes his seat upon a leaf. He fears
Miss Moonbeam may not come, but prays she may.
The last I saw of them 'twas shining day.
Still sitting there, they were upon the grass
And looking shy, like lovers, while I passed.

BEAUTIES OF THE GRAND CANYON

Wonderful land of the Rockies,
Land of the Titan and genii,
Mute as the dawn of creation,
Under the same high and blue sky:
Stretching away in the distance,
Like the dreams of a happy young heart,
Tinted with morning's bright colors.
O picture of exquisite art!

Grand, magnificent Canyon,
Where flows that wild, matchless stream,
That races its way thru the mountains,
Where earth in its making is seen:
Where temple, cathedral, and castle,
Minaret, steeple, and dome,
Were carved by the mighty world builders,
From mountains on mountains of stone.

BEAUTIES OF THE GRAND CANYON

Their architecture was perfect,
Their painters were not amateurs,
Their beauty, men never have equalled,
Their work, thru the ages, endures.
Angelo, Phidias and Reubens,
Goetha, Melanchton, and Gray,
And thousands of men in all ages,
Were masters of men, in their day;

But their work will fade—it will crumble,
And men will forget all the Past,
But this art in the heart of the Rockies,
Is carved from the granite that lasts.
Milleniums may pass o'er our planet,
Our maps and our world will be changed,
But the Canyon, out in the wild mountains,
O Lord, let it ever remain!

There men see the earth in its making—
So mighty, majestic and solemn;
Its massive, eternal foundations—
Facade, and turret, and column.

BEAUTIES OF THE GRAND CANYON

'Tis building thru all the long ages,
Unfinished; completed, it seems,
The masterpiece 'mong earth's great wonders
Of canyon, and mountain, and stream.

The genius of God is unfolding
Just now as in ages ago.
Dissolving, revolving, evolving,
Unmaking, and making, our home.
Shall the architrave of this planet,
Be surpassed in the ages to come?
This Canyon, these Mountains, this River.
O trinity of wonders in one!



THE VETERAN CHRISTIAN

DEDICATED TO FATHER BRISTOL

(Rev. Sherlock Bristol was born in Connecticut in 1814, died in California, September, 1906. He was loved by all. Though nearly ninety-two years of age when he died, he was as active as ever in his Lord's service until 24 hours before his death. "He rests from his labors and his works do follow him.")

LIKE Enoch of old he walked with his Lord,
Confidingly leaned on Him, and His word,
He, measured by men, was a prince among men.
A plumed Knight of God; but not without sin.
Like men, he had faults, but his heart was bent
To finish the work for which he was sent.
From youth to the grave, he was found at his post,
Like Jesus of Nazareth, saving the lost.
He was one of the Guards that stood by his Creed,
He went on thru life, long sowing the seed,
And gathering the sheaves, in the Lord's harvest
field.
A bounteous harvest was ever the yield.
At last he was taken, like Enoch of old,
To abide in that Beautiful City of gold.

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